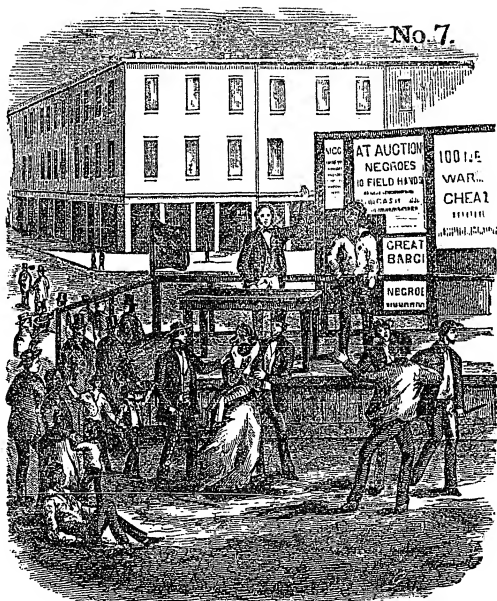


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SALE OF A FAMILY OF SLAVES IN WASHINGTON CITY.

A TRACT FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

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Slaves are people held as property. They are bought and sold, as if they were cows or horses. Some of them are black, some yellow, and some white. In Washington city, where the President of the United States resides, where Congress meets, and the great men of the nation resort, there has been in times past one of the greatest slave markets in the world. One specimen of the sales of

families in that city will now be given. It was a young man, his wife and babe. They were placed on an elevated platform, that the bidders might see if they were healthy and sound. This family expected to be all sold to one man; and did not, at first, manifest so much feeling as might be expected.

The auctioneer began with the husband, and he was sold. He next began to cry off the wife; several men bid for her, but the purchaser of her husband was not one of them. Intense anguish was exhibited in the countenance of the hapless pair. She was sold to a second person, and forever separated from her husband. The big tears rolled down their sable cheeks, and fell in great drops at their feet. Sadness and despair was evidently flowing from the deepest recesses of their souls. Last of all the babe was sold, and to a third person. The cold-hearted wretch came forward to seize his prey. The babe threw its little arms around its mother's neck, and closely clung to her; the mother held it with the grasp of despair and death; her agonizing shrieks pierced the skies, as the clinging child was torn from her bosom. The little boys of Washington city had become so hardened at such scenes of cruelty, that they made sport of this bereaved and shrieking mother. Now, children, how would you feel, if your father and mother were thus sold from each other, and you sold from them? "You should remember them that are in bonds as bound with them."

The poor black children feel just as you would do, if you were sold from your parents to see them no more. Black fathers and mothers love their children, just as your white fathers and mothers love you. Black husbands and wives love each other just as white husbands and wives do; therefore it is just as wicked to make black people slaves, as it would be to make slaves of white people.

Now I will tell you what a black mother did. She was a very black woman and a slave. She first sent her husband to Canada, a place to which a great many slaves run for freedom. After the husband had escaped to the land of liberty, this black mother took her babe in her arms, in the dark of night, and in a skiff crossed the great river Ohio into a free state. She came to the house of a gentleman, and knocked at his door in the night. He arose from his bed, opened the door, and saw the poor slave mother with her babe in her arms. He was moved with compassion for her. "Don't be afraid," said he, "I am an abolitionist, but I have never come out, yet; I'll help you." This poor black mother had to travel in the *night* three hundred miles, and carry her babe in her arms. This she had to do to escape the slave-catchers, a horrible class of men, who catch fugitive slaves for money, and return them to their enraged masters to be cruelly whipped, sold, and driven to the South to labor under the lash of brutal overseers to the end of life. Many kind people in Ohio helped this poor mother, and she got safely to Canada, and there met her husband, and their meeting in a land of freedom after so much toil and danger was most joyful. They labored together and procured a good farm, on which to live. This mother had left six children in slavery. After four years she traveled more than three hundred miles back to get her children. She went into Kentucky, and lay concealed in her old master's garden a whole day in order to see her children. At night she took away four of them and a grand-child. Two of them she could not get, because they slept in the room in which the master and mistress had their bed. Daylight came on before she could get over the river. Now she was obliged to hide with her four children and an infant grand-child in a field of green corn, and had nothing to eat but the ears of green corn. The

field was near a town in which many bad people lived, and having an infant child that might cry aloud, she was in great danger of being discovered and taken. The Lord preserved her in this time of distress. The next night she got over to the house of a good man who lived on the bank of the river, who took her in and concealed her and the children during the day. At night she started upon her long and dark journey to Canada. Many good people in Ohio helped her on her way, and by their instrumentality the Lord preserved her from the slave-catchers, and she arrived safely again in Canada. Two of her younger children are still in slavery. A young man followed her into Canada, hoping to get her children. The colored people assembled to kill him, but she dissuaded them from their purpose. She treated him kindly, and sent him away in peace. She returned him good for evil, as her Saviour taught her to do. Now this mother had a black skin, but she had a white heart and a noble soul. And the Lord will bless those good people in Ohio, who helped her to escape with her children from the cruel slave-catchers. This, children, is a true narrative of what this mother really did, and it shows that the black mother loves her children, just as much as the white mother does. It shows how cruel slavery is, and how much black people will do to be free and to have their children free.

Children you should believe in the Saviour, and love him. He loves and pities all the poor, both black and white, and does them good. You should be like him, and do as he does.

## NOTICE.

*April, 1857.*

The American Reform Tract and Book Society is progressing in efforts to spread Truth and Godliness, and promote action on all great moral questions, and more especially, the great question of Freedom and Slavery. Some thirty Tracts, and fifteen books, have been published. Arrangements are made for increasing this number just as fast as funds are provided.

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